

GloMag

Monthly Online Poetry Magazine

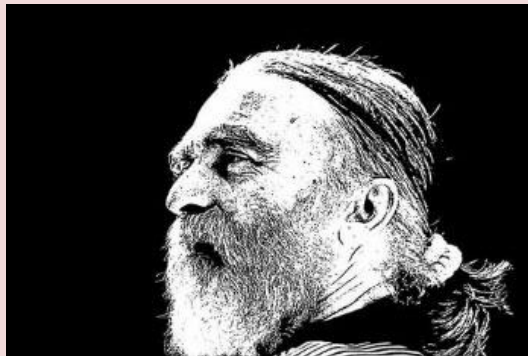
July, 2015



Edited and Published by Glory Sasikala

DEDICATION

*This issue is dedicated to the memory of our fellow poet Late Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi
AKA Max Babi. Always in our midst through his poems and thoughts*



ABOUT GLOMAG

GloMag is the coming together of poets in their diverse manifestations, thoughts, and expressions - and the visual interpretation of these. Sometimes the original thought of the poet gets completely lost in the interpretations. Visual aids help us to decipher the poet's intentions, and at the same time, enhance the reading experience. Perhaps you are sitting in solitude beneath a bough, besides a lake, and you turn the pages. The thoughts capture you, time stands still, and you become engrossed, oblivious to anything but these beautiful verses, expressions, and pictures. Your soul dances in ecstasy, participates in a cosmic experience, it sways and chants. Somewhere someone is telling you about duality, someone tells you about a forlorn house without music, someone shows you how to love, and someone raises questions about existence itself.

And when you come to, the world is still there, the lake is still there, the birds are chirping, shadows have lengthened. Nothing feels the same! You are not the same! You get up reluctantly. It's time to go home.

Glory Sasikala

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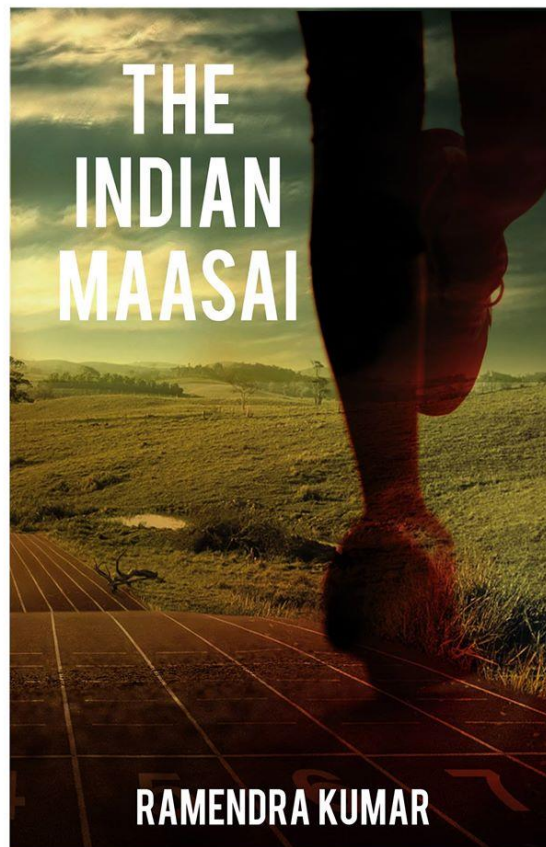
Book Of The Month

THE INDIAN MASAAI

The book is based on Ramendra Kumar's experiences in Awesome Africa!

The cover design is by Aniket, Ramendra Kumar's son.

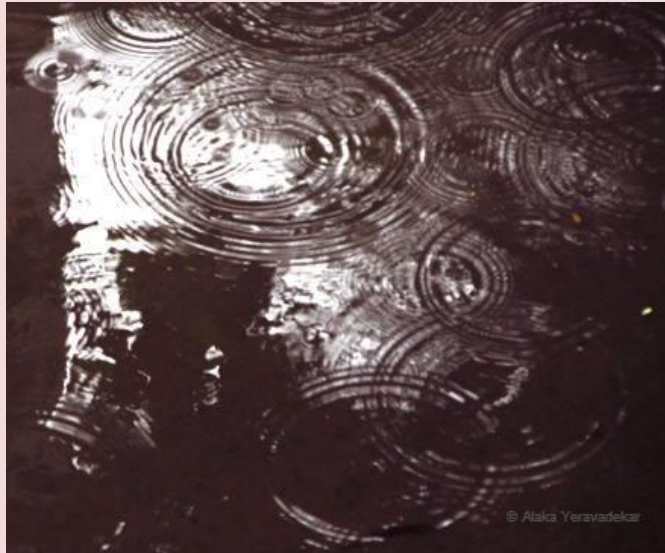
http://www.amazon.in/dp/B00W7XWIBW/ref=rdr_kindle_ext_tmb



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RAIN VERSES

rain a thief
in the night
steals my slumber
~

the rain arrives
under cover of the night
with secrets to whisper
~

blue sky peeps upon
a rain-washed world
and the same old me
~

frenzied torrents
bombard rock
and petal
~

rain-soaked *babhul*
sheds a million glittering diamonds
naughty breeze
~

dams overflow
with rainwater
and tourists
~

the koel cries
in the rain
a forlorn voice



Alaka Yeravadekar: Thought monkey, lover of the written word, adept threader of needles; Alaka's sketches, paintings and photographs reflect her deep love for the natural world. Her non-fiction and poems have been published in print and on the web. You can read more of her work at <http://alakaline.blogspot.in/>



EVEN TODAY WILL NEVER RETURN

I never thought it would be so
Never imagined I would sit forlorn
In your room,
On your side of the bed.
Nor did I imagine I would get sentimental,
And be gentle
As I ran my fingers over your wedding clothes
Never imagined I'd sit and sob
And eat my lunch – alone.
Sometimes,
Almost once a day
I look at your smiling face
On your wedding day
And sigh

When someone says,
'Oh my! What a pretty bride she made.'
I miss you dear,
More than you'll ever know.
Because things will never be the same again.
'Even today will not return,' you say
Over the phone
I sigh, secretly. (yes, again)
Of course, I know...
Even today will never return.

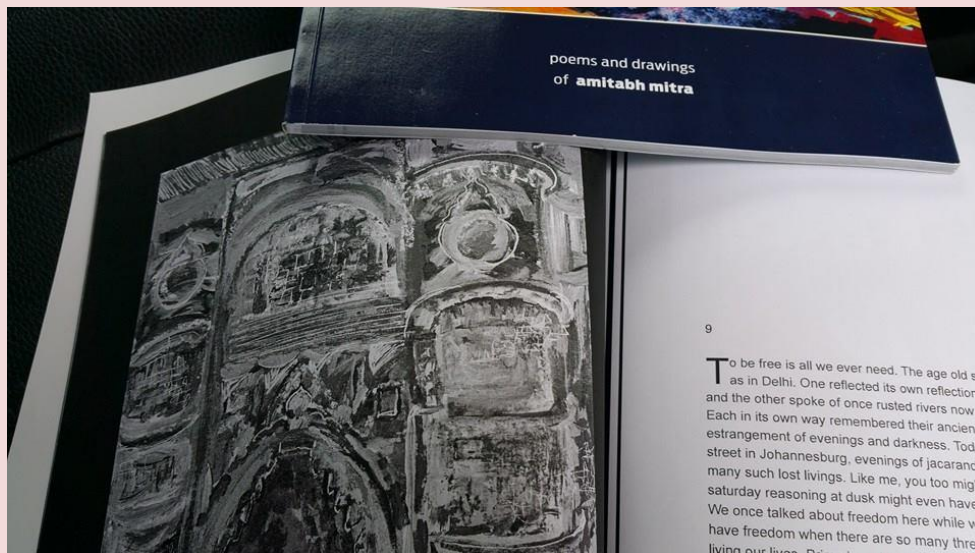


Ameeta Agnihotri: First of all, I love to write. Then I love to travel, and write about my travels, including about the food I eat on my blog. Being a Food Critic, I have two food books to my name: The Times Food and Nightlife Guide 2013 and 2014. My restaurant reviews come out every Friday in the Chennai Times. Yes, life's good. My book is done. It was done five years ago. Am still trying to muster the courage to edit it.

Work: <http://timescity.com/chennai>

Blogs: <http://silentsensation.blogspot.com/>

<http://fascinatingtastes.blogspot.in/>



EXCERPT FROM STRANGER THAN A SUN

To be free is all we ever need. The age old streets at Johannesburg are the same as in Delhi. One reflected its own reflection of the conqueror and the vanquished and the other spoke of once rusted rivers now barely an overcrowded thread. Each in its own way remembered their ancient strife; season in layers resented the estrangement of evenings and darkness. Today as I stand on a Dutch sounding street in Johannesburg, evenings of jacaranda flower reminds me of its age and many such lost livings. Like me, you too might have been on an endangered street; saturday reasoning at dusk might even have the aroma of Karims at Chitli Qabar. We once talked about freedom here while watching pigeons fly. You said how we can have freedom when there are so many threads pulling the kites and so many skies living our lives. Brimming with tears from the hot kebab, we laughed the sunset of many such small beginning.



Amitabh Mitra: He is a Poet/Artist and a Medical Doctor at East London, East Cape, South Africa. He lives in many worlds and narrates his life in hallucinatory stopovers. Words and images tend to amalgamate in many such strange journeys.



THE AIRHOSTESS SONG

- An ode to all the airhostesses who've flown me so far and who ever will !

There's a new light shining at 40,000 feet

An' you know it aint from the stars,

There's a beautiful smile going up and down the aisle

And you know its straight from the heart

(9W842 CCU to MAA 12/08)

She's walking on air, with her feet on the ground

Before you know it she's by your side

As she hands out stuff folks are gonna need

If they want a comfortable ride

(DN 623 CCU to DEL 28/12)

She's smiling at you as she passes by

An' your wish is her supreme command

When you say " Thank you", please look her in the eye

And sure mean it with all your heart

(DN 623 CCU to DEL 24/12)

She's the first to greet you as you arrive

And the last to bid you goodbye

And when you're leaving, she's really really hoping

" You've had a wonderful flight"

(9W842 CCU to MAA 12/08)



Anurag Mathur: He is a trained bean counter, works for a financial services group and has spent almost 2 decades serving that industry. Whatever little time that has been spared from work or sleep or reflective meditation has – with quite a few well-meaning prods and nudges from friends – been devoted to occasionally tapping to the Muse’s dictats from time to time.



WHAT IS LOVE?

I am living in a house under a bridge,
Maybe with an address in The Oranges.
(I quite like the idea of living inside a fruit.)
The fingers of Flamenco beach are tickling my brow.
Whilst the winds of the Caribbean blow them away.

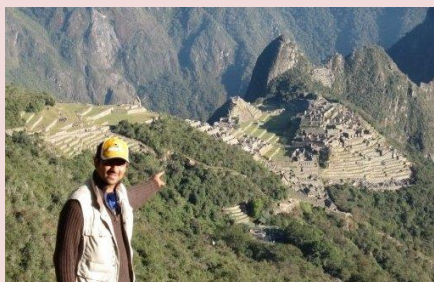
Or is it a house under a Delicate Arch?
I am sure it is at least within reach of one.
The sunset glows there as it serenades.
Do I see it blush as jealous Windows stare?
Before it dissolves into the peace at Balanced Rock.

No. The Islands in the Sky are my abode,
I live in the castles that float beneath the Mesa.
Sewing my dreams with a Needle through the sky,
And whiling my evenings glowing in Fajardo.
I am happy. Why seek purpose and meaning in life?

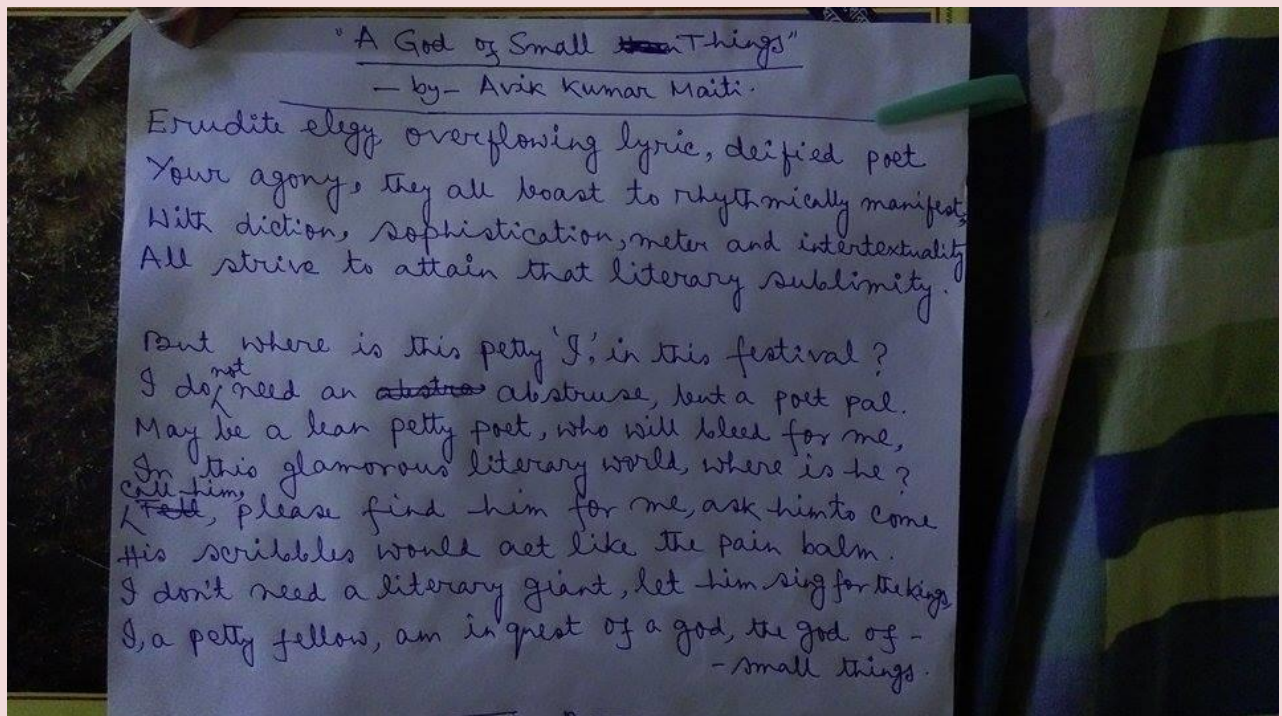
I am awake now. And I see you sleeping next to me.

Sound asleep. Your gentle snores more like lullabies,
the maker of my dreams and the music of my thoughts.

You ask me what love is. Why define love I ask,
And forever lose the purpose of our dreams.



Avishek Ramaswamy Aiyar: I was born and brought up in pristine Calcutta and lived the first 18 years of my life there before moving to Chennai for my undergraduate education. I eventually moved to the US, where I completed my doctoral studies in Chemical Engineering. I currently work as a scientist at IBM in New York.



Avik Kumar Maiti: (email - itzakm@gmail.com) He is a poet and writer from Midnapore. He is a permanent ESL teacher at Belda Gangadhar Academy, West Bengal. He likes to travel, explore the locale with cultures, to drink life to the lees', passion in humanity and drenched in literature. He believes that God is there and one day everything will be fine again. He believes in the flame eternal that is within us, which may cause a miracle with just a sympathetic touch



DECEMBER SNOW

Neon hoarding boards by the highway

Polished moon up in one corner of the sky

A lone star falling down

My palm choking the accelerator

60 ... 70 ... 80 miles an hour

I glance up at a horny pair of clouds

And remember your last hug

Fragments of your smile tingle my skin with a chill

Just like December Snow



Barun Bajracharya: is the author of a short story book *Sins of Love* and contributing author of short story anthologies: *You, Me and Zindagi 2*, *The Zest of Inklings*, *Once upon a Time*, *Blank Space* and *Rudraksha*. Barun is a Communications Officer at an INGO and an Editor at

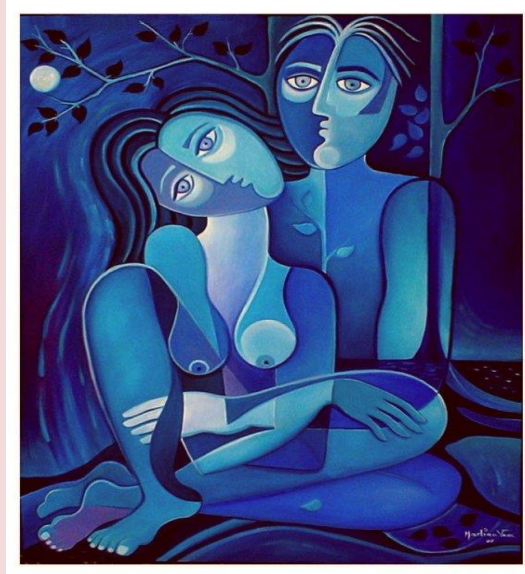
PEN Point (literary journal). Furthermore, he is the youngest member of PEN International Nepal Chapter and Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World. In October, 2013 he travelled to S. Korea to represent Nepal in the general conference of Traditional Poetry Writers Association of the World, attended by 9 countries, where he earned appreciation for his poems. He can be contacted at barunbajracharya@gmail.com.

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REFLECTIONS ON PARTING

You

A memory lost without a trace-

In my cerebral quagmire.

A desire already dead-

Pulled into my quicksand body.

A cadaver impossible to recover

Finally we are together and whole

Yet fragments far apart

You and I can live with that.

Stand in the nude

Facing the lava mirror

Letting our reflections meld

On its shifty surface

Depth is another universe

We do not care to access



TENSE NOUN IN SELF DEFENSE

I am a rich noun shopping for adjectives-

Call it gaudy trappings or prefixed pretense.

It only shows your inelegance.

Nouns are subject to changes.

They need masquerades for survival,

To unhinge from dead/ death sentences.

Nouns as objects possibly can do and mean

If only they camouflage and realign

What is there to object? Nothing at all.

Give me time to get over the verbs

I grow tense under duress

And start mumbling in verse

Fare ye well

I am expected at a writer's burial



Bini B.S: She is currently a Post-Doctoral Fellow at Balvant Parekh Centre for General Semantics and Other Human Sciences, Baroda. She is one of the editors of Anekaant: A Journal of Polysemic Thought and the Managing Editor of The Journal of Contemporary Thought. Her poems appeared in a collection of 'corporeal poetry' titled, A Strange Place Other than Earlobes: Five Poets Seventy Poems, published by Sampark, Calcutta.



The anguish seems to have ebbed away-
has left lesions, to be forgotten,
like overlooked birthmarks,
excused by the wholeness of time,
what remains
is a trail of suspended flakes of it
for a future memory to trace.



She looked at me and smiled;
Right in my face,
Which was odd,
Because I didn't know her,
Could it be a face itch?
A convulsion, maybe?
Or was it what I thought it was?
A greeting
Those are getting rare nowadays,

I smiled back.



Chaitanya Dorwat: Poetry to me is everything that is beautiful in this world, and also it is my way of attempting to clasp the essence of this beauty in words. My poems are a reflection of myself, my life, my deepest thought and emotions. I hope you like what you read!



EUTHANASIA

my death! do not prolong
when this body is worn and torn
and no longer strong
when it can no longer fend
the fear of living
a life of pain
is more terrible than death

let me depart with pride
let me embrace my death
help me open the doors
say, to death, 'do come in
give this obsolete body rest
let the peace of death enter this body
and soothe my mutilating pain'.

my right to live
is not contrary
to my right to die
Euthanasia is not a swear word
to be shunned
if I have walked with life
no matter how many the years
when fate unsuspectingly strikes
an unfortunate unexpected blow
machines and science
struggle to hold my breath of life
when the odds are irreversibly
stacked against me
pray turn of the switch
let me leave this world in dignity.



Gonapragasen Naicker Aka Danny: He is an Indian born, and brought up in South Africa. He has been fascinated by, and writing poetry since his early boyhood. He has performed his poetry at various forums, including the Poetry Africa Festival, the Mauritian Writers' Association, and Glorioustimes, India. He is the Convenor of the Live Poets Society, Durban, South Africa.



LOVE, MAY BE

May be it's a divine elixir,
the fountain of life and eternal youth.

May be it's only a chemical reaction,
a cocktail of hormones, uncouth.

May be it makes the world,
go round and round and round.

May be it's a temporary madness,
a rolling thunder, just sound.

May be it heals all,
makes everything alright.

May be it hurts,
cuts very deep in spite.

May be it's a single red rose,
and sunshine, morning's first catch.

May be it's a heavy diamond necklace,
with earrings to match.

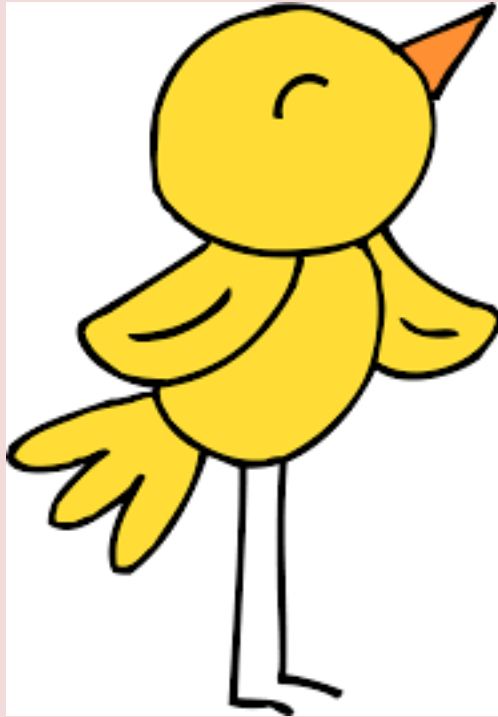
May be it's the contentment,
of age, prime and gold.
May be it's the shy I-L-U card,
of a fourteen-year-old.

May be it's a mother's instinct,
a self that gives its all.
May be it's on sale,
with a price and a number to call.

May be it's deeply self-serving,
a personal quest for the chalice.
May be it's the only universal truth,
beyond men and their malice.



Deepa Duraiswamy: Deepa is chronically afflicted by what she terms the 'something else syndrome' – the condition of always wanting to be doing something else. So it's fortunate her interests span from languages to lampshades, from history to hyper-accelerating galaxies. She is an engineer and MBA, attempting to work towards a PhD in Saiva Agamas when not running behind her toddler.



Mr HENRY

The Canary
Sneezed loudly.
God bless I said.
He coughed dryly,
Then dourly
To me did reply—
Thank you kindly...
The good Lord
Blessed me amply,
He made me
Sunshiny
Then added
Melody;
You notice
My voice

Mellifluous?

Now YOU could

Bless me doubly...

Open the door

Let me out...

And sky-high

I shall fly.



Devika Rajan: She is a retired banker whose current interests include the English language—working crosswords, reading, writing and teaching GMat/CAT aspirants; travelling—in the lanes and bye-lanes of her own city or long distance; Bharathanatyam, which she has been learning for the past three years and Reiki. Her motto for fulfilment: Do whatever you like; don't worry whether you're 'good' at it; if you enjoy it, you'll get good.



TO LIVE!

If I should stumble,
Help me to lie,
Here among the woods,
Here among the chirping birds,
Here by the stream.

Let the stream flow over me,
Slowly and gently,
As if to caress me like a mother.
Let the birds witness in silence,
Let me feel the tranquillity around me,
Let the sun burn me down,
Let the rain lash my body,
Let me be with all,
That belongs to me.

Leave me alone.
Fear not for anything,
Leave me along on the lap of my mother.

She will take care me.
She will nurture me to rebound,
There is nothing to worry.
She will give me all I need,
To come back to life.

How simple it was,
How simple it could be,
With mother's love and care.
How did I ever forget that,
How did I ever left behind,
All that is mine,
All that belongs to me.

Oh, my dear brothers,
Help me if I should fall.
Anything is forgiven, anything would be forgotten.
Just bring me back here,
I will go back to living.
Let us all go back to living,
Let us all go back.



Dipankar Sarkar: He is a higher education leader who has set up and run several projects in education and allied services. He has worked in various senior management positions at educational organisations in his career spanning more than twenty years. Dipankar is a music and literature enthusiast who loves to spend his leisure hours in reading and listening to classic rock, Indian folks and contemporary fusion music.



This river breaks
on rocks
unmoving.
Soft music
unceasing
on violin strings.
My heart
plays silent tunes
in darkness.
A picture melts into nothingness.



Gather them,
If you can,
those broken pieces
before
the waves
swallow.
The sea is kind today.



Geeta Varma: She has been a teacher for thirty years and a Freelance journalist. She is now an Educational Consultant and writes for Deccan Herald. She enjoys working with children and has conducted many creative workshops. Her interests include music, reading, writing (poems and stories for children) and travelling. She is married to Shreekumar Varma (Writer and Novelist) and has two sons, Vinayak and Karthik and a daughter-in-law daughter Yamini. She lives in Neelankarai, Chennai.



THEIR CITIES

Their cities appeared on the map

She looked at his forehead and said

"The people in your city are intelligent"

He looked at her hands and said,

"Your city is clean and small!"

She looked in his eyes and said,

"A fresh breeze blows through your city"

He looked at her hair and said,

"There's a lovely river in yours"

She drew in her breath at his smile and asked,

"Why are the people in your city so happy?"

He watched her as she walked and said,

"Deer prance in your city"

She walked into his arms and said,

"Your city is very warm."

He held her close and said,

"There are flowers in your city"

She closed her eyes and said,

"Evenings come too soon in your city"

He closed his eyes and said,

"There's a lullaby in yours"

When it was time to leave, she said,

"I wish I could come to your city"

And he replied,

"I wish I could come to yours"

Their cities disappeared from the map



Glory Sasikala: She is a poet and writer residing currently in Chennai. She works as Quality Analyst for language. Not an Earthling by any stretch of the imagination, where breathing, writing, living and loving lose their personal identity and present as one, she comes from that world...sometimes letting her pen lead her, sometimes leading her pen...It's a Pied Piper's tune all the way!

<http://glospoems.blogspot.in/>



MISS YOU NIGHTS

Another night without you beside
In the midst of darkness outside
Empty house, newly wed, all alone
Miss you nights, call on my phone

Dreams of laying on your arms wide
Memories of how we cuddle and collide
These eyes are heavy but yet no sleep
Miss you nights, in anguish I weep

Wishing away that you could be here
To wipe away every drop of tear
Is there a way you could read my mind
Miss you nights, expectation I unwind

Is it only me who is killing time
I hear the tinkling of the chime
Counting hours with every yawn

Miss you nights, waiting for dawn

Surviving through every night

You told me to sleep up tight

Replaying my dreams over again

Miss you nights, relieving my pain

I know you miss me too like mad

You work so hard I feel so bad

Days like these will be very few

Miss you nights, I just love you



Grace Chelladurai Xavier: Sometimes Hyper. Sometimes Moody. Sometimes Shy. Sometimes Crazy. Love to Design. Dreamer, just like everyone else. That's me!



WHILE YOU REMEMBERED MY NAME: An ode to a mother

One more chance is all I ask of you mother;
Just one more turn to serve you better;
Get a sabbatical from your Elysian abode
Re-live with me once more, and relieve me,
And save me from this tormenting agony;
Permit me to give back a minuscule fraction at least
Of what you have all your life been heaping on me,
As if it's yours to give, and mine to receive, e'en upto infinity!

Huddled safely as I was in my evergreen spring,
Cosy and carefree, in an impenetrable abandon,
And a blissful oblivion, little could I think
that Time was pushing you up the ladder of age,
Taking away your faculties, stage by stage,
While your youth bade you an irreversible adieu.

Shattered by your progressive dementia and frailty,
Totally unprepared for your illnesses and infirmity,
With eyes open I failed to understand
Your heart rending geriatric demands;
By the time I realized my duty to you,
That it was my turn to take care of you,
You had gone too far away, out of reach, from me.

Ah! if only I had held you in a tight embrace
While yet you recognized my face!
If only I had whispered a simple deep thanks
While still you remembered my name!



Gulnar Raheem Khan: She is a post graduate in English, former officer of the Indian Bank, mother of two, and now, grandmother of three. She was the student editor of her college magazine. She has contributed to the Letters column of the Hindu, and the Arab News, and has written poems and articles for her Bank house journal. She cherishes her letter to the Arab News which won her the first prize in Topic of the Week contest. gul.fazl@gmail.com

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A pervert hides among those faces beautiful.

Your poems are succinct, essays are dull

But your comments sections are always full

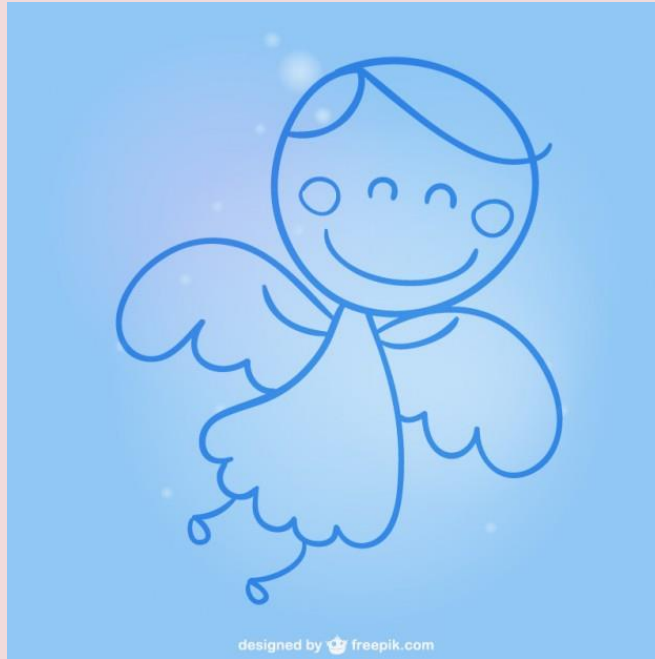
Indeed, you are a Facebook celebrity

You can now say that with all sincerity.



John P. Matthew: Writer, poet, singer-songwriter, and blogger John P Matthew was born in the state of Kerala, India. His first success as a writer was Penguin’s world-wide short story contest “India Smiles” in which his short story “Flirting in Short Messages” was selected for publication in an anthology.

His poem “Call of the Cuckoo” has been published by Poetry Rivals. He is working on his first novel and writing a book-length travelogue about his native state of Kerala.



THE WORD SELLER AND THE BIRD SELLER

When I've the urge

I write

When I write

I don't like knocks on my door

I didn't hear the little girl

Bare-chested and thin

She wanted to sell a bird

Her ribcage shivered

As if the bird was inside it

Her heart had wings

The wings fluttered

In winds of hope

Her tired eyes shone

In ignited hunger

I had the urge to write

I didn't see the flaps of her wings

I had to write

I didn't hear the knocks

On my heart

(Inspired by Oru Cheriya Katha - a short story by T Padmanabhan)



Kerala Varma: He hails from Chirakkal (Kannur), Kerala, is a former Deputy General Manager of State Bank of India and lives in Chennai with his wife Chitra. He is an amateur writer, who believes in “simple living, simple thinking”, welcoming enrichers of life like love, humour, long walk, the river, sea, mountain, books, music and Internet and avoiding complicaters of life like greed, anger, ambition, sentimentalism, sexism, god, rituals, religion and superstitions.

This too, shall pass !

Where I go from here; determined classical !
I thought myself to be existential,
But my birth itself, was very nuptial !
Life is an imbroglio; just keeps going on,
Roller coasting, up and down, up and down.
Never for us to comprehend, never !!! EVER?!

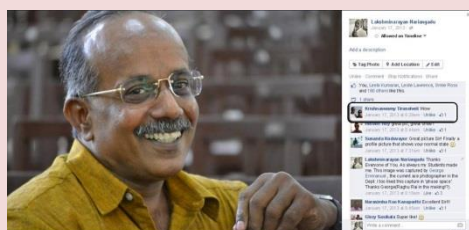
The dawn shall wake in brilliant harmony.
The night shall end with joy so many.
Colours, colours; bright splashes of them
Shall pave and plaster the path and hem.
It is good times again and songs in the air.
Whatever I do, now, has a certain flair !



The music has gone out of my life;
Only *caw caws* and full of strife.
Where there were colours and symphony;
The day and night are filled with cacophony.
What did I do wrong? Is this a retribution?
A cause and effect, a commensurate infliction.
Only time the great healer can surpass;
For this too, so it be, shall pass!



EVER?! *n.n*
25/03/12



Lakshminarayan Nariangadu: Dr. Lakshmi, as he is called at GLORIOUSTIMES, is a Professor in Physics, retired from the Madras Christian College. He has around 50 publications in Scientific Research Journals & Conferences. A few textbooks too. He also writes otherwise. When the mood sets in, the emotions tingle and words fall in place. In this space, he writes both in Tamil and in English. One of his spontaneous creations is included here.



"WAITING FOR YOU"

April is still mildly hot
people queue up at Vaishali
clusters people Rupalee
indolent groups laze at Wadeshwar-
crossing the road feels
much less suicidal, cops in smart
khaki and white posture like hunting dogs,
dying buses rattle on lopsided,
sparkling new watering-holes gleam,
as do Audis and BMWs.
Sipping strong coffee
I still feel you will emerge
From a sleepy lane, any moment.



"AN IMPULSE"

Perhaps you exist as

an impulse that stiffens
and then fades,
perhaps you were a flash,
a dew drop that serenades,
or disgusting thoughts clamouring to
make palisades,
even a natural fragrance bursting
in fusillades.



Late Mushtaque Ali Khan Babi AKA Max Babi: Max was a multilingual writer, poet who liked a wide variety of formats – whose life was full of oxymoronic shades, a polymath who went from being a specialist to a generalist to a versatilist. Mentoring by being a catalyst enthralled him, he wrote on serendipity and intuition, conducted workshops on a range of subjects and topics. He was a very friendly Santa Claus.



HOME

We carried our home on our backs.
We learnt to keep our carapace light.
But bits of life slipped in, unnoticed,
Lodging themselves into crevices
we could never scrub them out.
They spoke strange tongues
That burst upon our pallettes
In long forgotten memories.
Nostalgia on our pulse points
Became our animal smell.
Wisps of our past appeared
With a torrent of feelings
We were always without words.
Sorrows, joys, lifts and falls
Were marked by milestones
That blurred and vanished
From our rear view mirrors
Mimicking our life.

We keep our carapace light
we carry our home on our backs.
We can set up house in a flash.
The Great Indian Rope Trick.
This is how the act ends-
We can never go back home.



Maya Sharma Sriram: She is a full time writer based in Mumbai. She writes fiction. and poetry. Her work has appeared in many journals in India and abroad including Mused Literary Journal and Kavya Bharathi. Her poem, "Qurst" was shortlisted for the All India Poetry contest conducted by the Poetry Society and British Council in 1994 and it appeared in the anthology Voice in Time. She was one of the winners of the Elle Fiction Award 2010. She is the most author of the book, Bitch Goddess for Dummies. She has finished work on her second novel and when not plotting her third book, spends her time appeasing gods in multiple pantheons in the hope of signing her second publishing contract.



ODE TO SLEEP

A hundred-fold blessed

and kindly oblivion!

Young or old, bound or free,

who would not seek thee?

They who rest in cushioned comfort,

and they whose bed is stony culvert.

Lovely bright and flashing eyes,

also those worn out with tears and sighs.

Generous or greedy, or burning with hate

Sleep does not care to discriminate.

No gold can buy, no thief can steal;

Miser cannot hoard, or gambler deal.

Sleep becomes dream, and dream seems real.

The mind takes flight and wings unfurl-

panic spreads with shadowy fright,

though sometimes visions angelic and bright;

all will vanish with morning light!

Gentle Sleep, so oft eulogized,

eagerly sought and highly prized.

Few are they whose eyes do close

in restful and in deep repose.

Fortunate ones, whose life fulfilled,

in final, peaceful sleep is stilled.



Minnie Tensingh: I think I have been writing from the age of 10, contributing to the school and college magazines. Several prizes for creative writing and poetry competitions have encouraged me to keep at it. Reading is my passion and often distracts me from writing.

Currently I am on the verge of bringing out a story book targeting children in their pre and early teens to encourage reading among children.



I LEFT EVERYTHING BEHIND

I left everything behind

My diadem, Crown

A piece of paper they called Bachelor of Arts

I parked my cycle on the sidepath

And Disappeared.

They may trace me

Police sirens may sound

Dogs may be let loose with my clothes scent

My Cycle may give away

But that's a wrong clue, i leave.

Search for me

Deep Search for me

I want to be missed

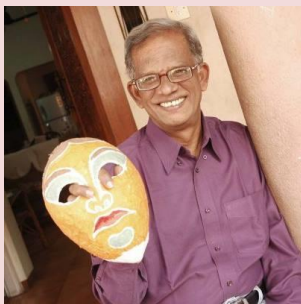
I want to be searched

People must need me.

Better Search for me

If you don't, I threaten
I will come back gloriously
Better Search for me
if not I will come back
Find my cycle
Go back into my Space
better vacate my space
if you are not searching for me
Better Search for me.

Have you played Treasure-hunt
Do you need more clues
I whispered to the tall Neem Tree
Ask the Neem Tree
She may help
Better Search for me
Not for My diadem or that piece of Paper



Parasuram Ramamoorthi: Poet with three published volumes of Poetry. Norwich Musings (2003);

Fire courts Water 2009; Neem Gita 2011; Playwright with twelve plays published and Performed. Autism Advocate and Pioneer in the file of Drama for Autism. Chairman VELVI www.velvi.org

This poem was written on 16 June at Chico , California at the Freedom in Elements camp for Young persons in Autism Spectrum Disorder.



MARINA

What do I call thee? (my dear Marina),

A road,avenue,strett,,or a boulevard,

At least, no sign boards are there to indicate your name anywhere.

The history is no longer clear (to anybody).

You had old and tall and beautiful trees,

And orange coloured street lights,

But, now, all these have disappeared from your body (my dear Marina),

Now, we have many side streets, lines, avenues,

All without any trees, coconuts, palms, lights, etc,

But, only concrete and stone-walled buildings,

Interspercing new streets and by-lanes,

All car parking spaces, flyovers, heavy vehicular traffic, pedestrians, footpath shops, et all,

Occupy you(my dear Marina),

And as if to spoil your beauty, a long elevated flyover,running throughout your length,

From Eko Bridge up to State House(near Parliament/Race Course), runs its course,

Your day starts, very early in the morning,

Musters all makes of (imported cars and vehicles), speeding up on you,

To their respective places of work, very early(Offices start at 0730 AM).

Busily walking (or running) for daily exercises,

And for shopping, trading, hawking, loitering, scurrying, hurrying, or even static.

You wear a different look on Sundays and holidays, (my dear Marina),

Desolate, lonely, abandoned, silent,

Except for customers (mostly Indians, Europeans), coming to supermarkets,

Like Leventis, Kingsway, Chandrais, Kewalrams, Chellarams, etc,

And also people coming to wayside hawkers near and around Bristol Hotel ,

For changing their Nairas(local currency) into Pound sterlings(currency), of course, in black market,

You lay stretched out like a tributary of a great river.

(Note:-This is not about the second best beach of Marina, at Madras, but about the Marina in the former capital of Nigeria, at Lagos, where the undersigned was working as a Senior executive engineer on a Commonwealth assignment. Most of the ministries of the Federal government and offices of private firms are situated here.)



Perinkulam. G. Iyer. Krishnamurthi: Qualifications: B.Tech, MBA, FIE. Retired from the central government service (Chartered Engineer (Civil) – India) after around 36 years of service,(retired in 2003, as Dy.GM). Since superannuation, was working first with the Govt.of Iran at Teheran, and afterwards, with many big engineering firms, as Technical advisor) till recently. Wife is a graduate in music, but remained as a homemaker. Two sons, both are engineers,(their wives are also engineers).Elder one settled at UsofA with his wife

and two daughters. Younger one, with his wife and a daughter, is in Madras(but will be leaving for USofA soon, on an assignment. Self, leading a retired life, for the last one year.



THAT NIGHT

What were we like
before that night when
love walked out on us?

That night you found light and
I inched closer to the darkness
inside and we were thrown apart
miles... years apart

There are times when I stare into
the emptiness and watch us carry
on with our lives, so far apart with
these dreams
these hours

this love

always between us



Priyesh Lobinha Cdo: I am a creature of the dark, like a firefly. People of light, who have never been brave enough to face it don't understand it and hence despise it. Does light not blind you as much as darkness does? The fireflies know better, they owe it to the night, it's what makes them so beautiful.



THE BLUE SWIRL MARBLE GAME

Clear blue starlit wind of enchanted thought
Drifts where Mercury waits, aloft in virtuous grandeur,
Chilling amorous conjunction of lovers entwined
In gardens of misted nebulae, behind locked iron gates.

Make sorrow, darkest warrior from the depths,
In jealousy, you wait to take revenge on life itself.
More time has been granted, so wait still longer
For that is your own punishment, for what you are.

Such is this speck of dust, travelling through cosmic waste,
Such is its arrogance; at thinking it is more, yet more.
And only twice, once gone, and once to come,
Will it be redeemed, be fit for the universal place.

Then it will gleam and glisten as the true gem of life.
Immortal and pure, without stain or flaw, perfection;
Lit by the radiated form of the unifying oneness,

To be, as it was once planned, to be. Omega.



Philip G. Bell: He was born in West London and became a professional in the field of vibration and acoustics. He was awarded a Fellowship of the Society of Environmental Engineers. He has two sons and a daughter and 3 grandsons. He has written a number of technical papers, which were published internationally, before turning attention to writing poetry, short stories and a children's novel. He also founded The Young Poet Society. He has published a novel, "The Elfin Child," which is available through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and at www.elfinchild.com

In December 2013, he was diagnosed with terminal Motor Neuron Disease. He is now concentrating on raising awareness regarding the disease.



(pic by Preeti Bose)

IN THE MOSKVA RIVER

sometimes when she dips into the river

she comes up with

a sparkling white trinket

the flash of their first kiss

or randomly, a handful of pebbles

mottled rushed afternoons,

earthy evenings,

and languid nights

other times, a handful of moss

some of those moments

that in the black sea of fading fugue,

she'd willingly toss

time and again she dips into the Moskva river

whenever she needs to feel

the glimmer of his thoughts,

or, glide on those memories of gloss



Preeti Bose: She writes when the words tip-toe to her – at dawn, dusk, or in her dreams. She reads across genres and is fascinated by the world of possibilities – both as a writer and as an HR professional in a leading FMCG. She is currently 'really trying' to work on her first book.



LUST

I have explored
Every silken crevice,
Every voluptuous pore,
Of your ravenous body.

With

My eyes,

My lips,

My teeth,

My tongue -

Unleashing

Within you,

Myriad moments

Of ecstasy.

The red embers

Of my searing ache

Have scorched you,

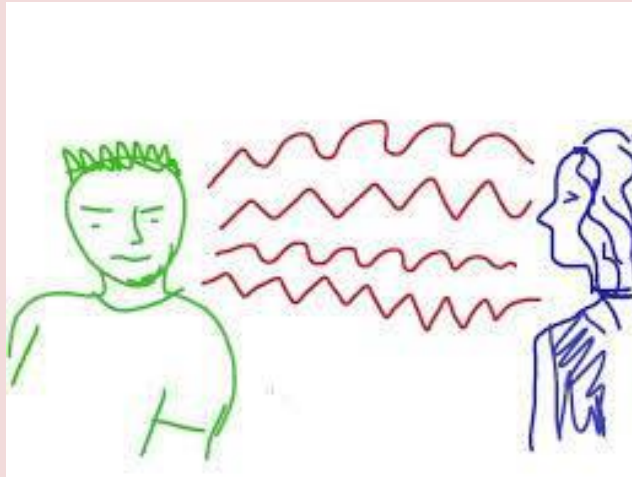
Making you

Writhe,
For more.

Every encore
Of our mingling,
A pristine beginning.
Can anything
Be more sublime
Than pure lust?



Ramendra Kumar: Ramen is a writer by passion and a narcissist by obsession. He has 27 books to his name, almost as many awards and translations into several Indian and foreign languages. A popular story teller and mentor he is working as Chief of Communications, Rourkela Steel Plant. He has a page devoted to him on Wikipedia and his website is www.ramendra.in



TWO MINUTE LOVE

In the middle of the chat, he said.

Two minutes.

Why, she asked.

Shit, he said.

He came back in a minute

Flushing.

In the middle of the chat, he said.

Two minutes.

Why, she asked?

Snake, he said.

He came back in 30 secs

Killing.

In the middle of the chat, he said.

Two minutes.

Why, she asked?

Death, he said.

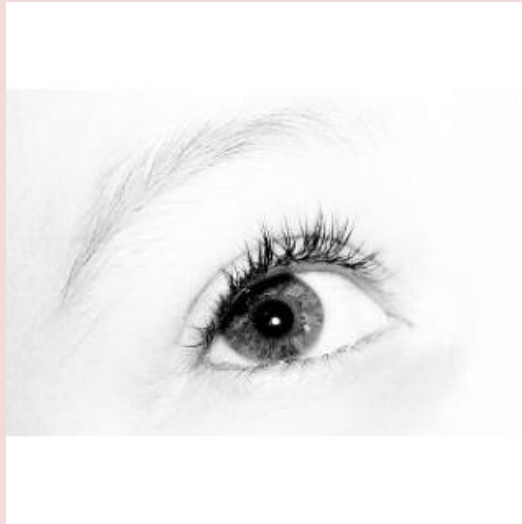
She waited till the
Charge ran out.
She crushed the
Subscriber Identity Module.

The whole thing took
Two minutes
To write.



Ravi Shanker (Ra Sh): He translates from Malayalam and Tamil to English and vice versa. Published English translations of stories by Bama (Tamil), Mother Forest (from Malayalam) and Waking is Another Dream (Sri Lankan Tamil Poetry) and for Anthologies of Dalit literature published by OUP and Penguin India. Published poems in magazines, journals and anthologies. He is one of the five contributing poets to the anthology, “A Strange Place Other Than Earlobes” (five voices seventy poems). E-mail: shankeran@gmail.com

Blog: bonoboland.wordpress.com



IMPOSSIBLY BEAUTIFUL EYES

i feel impelled to write this
before my words fail me
before my last breath escapes me
before i run out of browns to describe
your brutally beautiful eyes

eyes like the calmness
of an undiscovered ocean
like a sea with out a shore
like a quay of quicksand where
i'm rendered helpless, but
soon i'll drown no more
~

when you smile
you have the happiest eyes
eyes like Christmas
so perfectly faultless

one look at them and
unadulterated joy suffusing in
every fiber of my being

~

on days like today
when i know i'm nothing at all
i wish to abandon
my nothingness in them,
see my world crawl to a standstill
and this life become an afterthought

~

often i find myself held captive
by the curl of your eyelashes
and with bangs cascading
across those brown berry eyes
i'm callously collapsing
moment by moment

~

in every glance a chapter in time
in every blink a poem in motion
and i'm left wondering how
my own sanctum of solace
steals away my sanity

~

there is more in me than
what meets your balmy eyes

you will see i'm more than
just a boy with cracked heels
and sweaty palms
a boy who's feelings match
the vastness of your eyes
~

look yourself through my eyes
you will blink no more
you will blink no more
~

Authors note:

~
i can't take my eyes off you
i can't take my mind off you
~

© Rajesh Jethwani, 4 years ago

~
i can't take my eyes off you
i can't take my mind off you



Rajesh Jethwani: He was born in Madras and has done his BA in economics. He now takes care of his family business and has his own online store. His love for tea resulted in a beautiful tea house he now runs along with his best friends. He loves train journeys,

photography, eating out and playing cricket. He loves writing and reading love poems. His poem was first published last year in South Africa.



THIS SPACE

This Space, this phenomenal grid,
Ageless aeon, impartial container
Sets sail and time its anchorage.
Love and lure in abundance,
Yet, man pecks at the hard,
Savour less Fruit of hatred
To his vantage and destruction.

Read the prima face of the
Heart within its chambers,
Can you? Luptub, subtle and steady,
the rhymed beat goes on, but,
the beating of emotions lurking
beneath don't come to the
surface until culled and wrought out.

You and I loll into this unique space,
Seeing how many different faces

Out vying the spatial nudge.
The scars, skirmishes, scabs -all these
Are there. But the deep wound cuts
Stay and distil a vehement mark
On you until we merge with the soil.



S. Radhamani: She was born in Madras, did B.A.English ,obtained M.A.English from Venkateswara University, Tirupati, did her doctoral thesis on W.H.Auden's Plays, subsequently obtained PGDTE from CIEFL (Hyderabad). A Professor of English with 31 years of teaching experience in a post-graduate and research institution, published four books of poems and one book of short story, widely published and anthologized, guided M.phil research scholars and PhD candidates, and a reviewer and critic. Also published poems and short stories in many websites, presented papers in National and International conferences.



CATCH UP

Take all the lessons you've learnt

Rewrite them, rewrite them and rewrite them

Till you know you've got it absolutely right.

Then go drown it in the sea,

Watch the ink falter, dissolve and dissuade

Feel your inner core trembling and give in

To the sinking ground, go down

Crumbling and insignificant.

Stay, breathe, count your heart beat to infinity

Open your eyes, the stars shine so bright

The universe enfolds itself around you

Your wings takes in the fresh air and soars.

Now, you're unstoppable and incredible.



V.Rimona: Rimona, the reckless, is a 23-year-old Good Human/Her dad's incarnation/Daughter of Glory/Sister of Tennyson/In-law of Hannah/Aunt of Samuel baby/Event Manager/HR/Dancer/Bathroom Singer/Painter/Relationship Guru/Amazing Friend to have/Writer/Poet/Actor in this play called "My Life"/Home Maker/Rule breaker/Social Butterfly and everything else possible, from Chennai. She wishes to be a rock star in the future and all her neighbours would verify that.



Melancholy. It creeps into morning sky and diffuses in the pale vastness like spreading blood. It stains the world with a thirst that has no knowledge of its own liberating liquid. It snuggles next to silence and abducts the loneliness of the commander in jungle. It is the absurd feeling, against which Sylvia rammed her head endlessly. It is a vent that lets an absurd person escape into a deserted land, in a flit of second. It is a premeditated plan to an unpretentious accident. It resonates with an unheard song. It camouflages into an unseen painting. It simulates a non-existent scenery. It knits a situation, which comprises a million things that resemble an intimate feeling to senses, yet everything contains a dormant illegitimacy which offers an unresolvable strangeness. It is the stupefied cat that dies seeing the sky. Melancholy, wears me like a coat and walks into storm. It is the insufficiently closed door on a curfew night.



Ro Hith: He is a poet and a medico from Andhra Pradesh, writing poetry since 7 years. His poetry has been published in various online magazines, including Muse India, The Four Quarterly, Istanbul Review, Kritya, New Mirage Journal and print magazines like Kavya English, which was applauded and complimented by various senior poets. Currently, he is working on his first book of poems, which will be published shortly and an online magazine that deals with progressive poetry and translations from various Indian languages.



WHEN I GO THROUGH

The laborious orchestral movement
the unwilling zeal
required
to effectively sit up straight
dishevelled unkempt and slaughtered
your arms trailing
dragging the folds of the linen
from not wanting to let go
to letting go
Ravaging further the waves
of the blanket
you crash into a limbo
hovering like a pendulum
not wanting to let go and yet
letting go
and back again
And then the alarm bell speaks



Samantak Bhadra: He is currently pursuing his MBA degree. He hails from Kolkata and has worked in the IT industry for two and a half years in Bangalore. Besides that, he is a writer, a musician, a public speaking trainer, an entrepreneur and an ex-journalist. His writings have been published in journals and anthologies from countries like the USA, Canada, India, Romania, France and Ireland. He has also worked on conceptualizing and co-hosting a monthly poetry show in Bangalore called Let Poetry Be. Some of his writings can be accessed at www.samantakbhadra.com



LET ME...

let me hold you while you laugh,
there's a saying in our parts
that tears revive the past but harden the present,
let me hold you while your breasts are forming
and your lips are waiting, and the future's forming
within our sulky bowers, beneath our molten skies
that watch and judge and witness the precious
moments of our togetherness blooming into love.
let me drink in tribute to the soldiers
who've marched before us, showing us the way.
let me be.
as you will be.



Shreekumar Varma: He is an Indian author, playwright, newspaper columnist and poet. He received the R. K. Narayan Award for Excellence in Writing in English in 2015. He is known for the novels Lament of Mohini, Maria's Room, Devil's Garden: Tales Of Pappudom, The Magic Store of Nu-Cham-Vu and the historical book for children, Pazhassi Raja: The Royal Rebel Born as HH Prince Punartham Thirunal of the Travancore Royal Family, he is the great great grandson of the artist Raja Ravi Varma and grandson of Regent Maharani Sethu Lakshmi Bayi, the last ruling Maharani of Travancore. He is married to Geeta Varma (poet, teacher and columnist) and has two children, Vinayak and Karthik.



A WOMAN JOURNEYING TO DEATH

A Woman journeying to death

Begs pardon to all caretakers

All the ones who clean her when

She wets the bed

Or the ones who clean

When she excretes in unconsciousness

She asks for Gangajal as she has

Fostered the belief till 95 years---

That this water will release her soul

With the body

And succour her in reaching to

The gates of Yama

She has firm notion in dates

Amavasya, Malmas or Ekadashi

She deems and yearns to die on

These Indian dates and calendar

That ensures Jeevatma to Parmatma ---

A woman who has witnessed 95 Vasant, Greeshma or Sharad

A woman journeying to death.....



Dr. Shaleen Kumar Singh: He is a poet, critic, reviewer, translator and editor. He has several research papers, articles, poems and reviews published in esteemed journals, magazines and news papers of India and abroad. He has edited several books on criticism. At present, he is editing the ezine www.creativesaplins.com. He is Assistant Professor and Head, Department of English at S. S. PG College, Shahjahanpur (U.P.)



who mowed your lawn before spring?

we *should* have

which is why it is

good

we did not

so

it keeps planting

crushed seeds of

untimely saplings

could-be

brown-orange before

grass-green

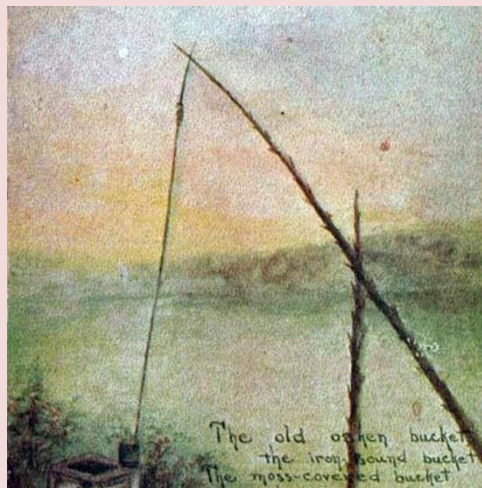
:fuck-me-not-why

the garden-dry lined

with

empty soil

-vacant.



until back home

-little child,

don't grow too big, too soon.

let the hours smile on your sunnydimples, before stealing you away.

keep your drawers around.

one of these days, you shall be wanted for an adventure.

-S

-since she stumbled past your
un-noticed raisedfinger by
by the pink rockinghorse,

blow balloons of your crusthowlinglungs
-you can

keep the colour out of your lip-a-tremble,
don't feel lonely-broke
in your bone,

and

save

my yellow

bloomers for

Leila.

you shall know how

sometimes generosity turns to pride.



wash your hands offfffff or your heart is lilac

this is a deadbled house

a deadred heart- beat

blue drum upturned

a chair squeaking clean

attic-spiders hiding an eye, erasing

lego house spitting from above

seventeen years ago, you undid my heart and sweater in one swift scar

how the sofa collects dust

and not dried cum forced on bellies,
lull my blotched
spleendrunk thighs
breasts feel heavy with this air of
time exacted finality

i survive
and avenge your
hands
-probing buttfags.



Srishti Dutta Chowdhury: A student of Comparative Literature for most part of the day, Srishti Dutta Chowdhury reads, listens to whatever catches her fancy and writes a tad bit whenever she cannot do without putting some words to paper. Besides reading, writing, living poetry, she fancies herself as a food philanderer and keenly follows food photography. Her photography can be viewed at the Instagram handle "srishtiduttachowdhury".



THE BROKEN STAIR

The broken stair stood silently

To all that happened

So much so recently

More than it could bear

Rich, sensuous, music hovered around

The stair, so much a lover of music

Stood still and heard the beautiful notes

Which would never again hear so close

The stair, hanging on its hinges

Was proud to hear music

a beautiful sound that tinged with feeling

The stair, so lonely in its bearing

Finally found a hearing

Where was the sound that broke upon you, so recently

The stair cried silently

Was fate so cruel

The stair cried with hate

Looking upon its comrades so close

The stair knows with feeling that music
Would never be heard again in the house



Shobha Warriar: Born near Trichur in Kerala, she did her schooling in Mumbai and Chennai. Shobha was highly influenced by her maternal grandfather who was a distinguished Sanskrit scholar. Shobha had a keen interest in languages, be it prose or poetry, from her school days. She completed B.A. and M.A. in English Literature as also B.Ed. She has also worked as a teacher in schools for some time. Shobha's father, K. Ramakrishna Warriar, is a distinguished writer in Malayalam, and recipient of the Sahitya Akademi award for his contribution in Sanskrit. Shobha is married to an engineer and has one daughter.



IT'S MY BEST MORNING EVER

We were there together when the sun rose to awake this world

The ripples of cold winter water were touching our feet

We were overwhelmed to witness conjugation of nature

Birds were flying around dazzled by reflection of sun in lakes water

The chirping of birds were trying to break eternity of pre-morning silence

Reminding ourselves that we are not alone being in awe of this moment

This moment has become part of our life and we lived it to the fullest

This morning made us realize, how beautiful nature is

How our imagination has stopped responding

Because we have forgotten the true wealth of creation by God

This moment made us speechless and we were sort of words

We wish to be there again and feel this priceless moment as many times possible

And become part of the symphony of birds, air, and water to welcome Splendid Sun

It's my best morning ever!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Subhash Chandra Rai: I am Subhash from Ranchi. I have done MBA in Rural Management and currently working with Azim Premji Foundation as Research Fellow. I love reading and writing poetry.



FASHION TREND

when the full moon stood bright
illuminating the wide stage
through the palm leaves
white light intruded
Gazing the sky, I yawned
Binoculars and cameras positioned
an army of eyes focused
Was it a war, nah, its a carnival
when Brihaspati met Shukracharya
they hugged and kissed, once again
lets pass peacefully, said both Gurus
Stars rejoiced, even men on earth
When cloudy curtains dropped temporarily
It reminded men and women
why didn't you close your eyes
where did your etiquette go
Isn't it bad to interfere into others privacy
A youth replied, it's just a fashion trend

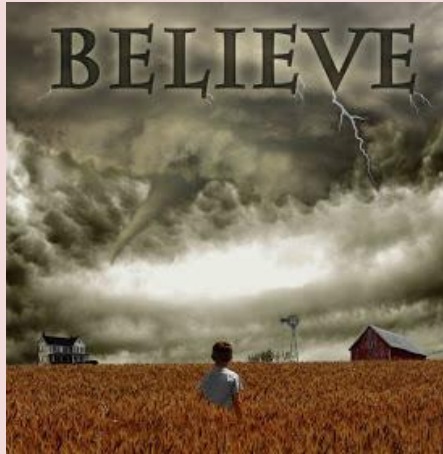


SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

dressed gleefully in black and white
the calm serene splendor waiting to invite
my thoughts overflowing, my eyes weep
the very thoughts in my mind, deep
Arise like the sun, banishing the dark
enjoying the silent night, the dog bark
the shrieking cricket, the cool breeze
I deny to snooze ignoring the sneeze
Is there someone thinking of me?
at wee hours, I wonder with a cup of tea
Gulping the void, I awe at the bubbles floating
they come from nowhere and start boating
Enjoying the ride, they disappear in the hollow
What a splendid joy, though short lived, they wallow
drives me to taste every drop of my long life



Shalini Samuel: She is the author of *Singing Soul* and comes from India's southern tip. She started her writing journey as a blogger. Poetry was her unfulfilled dream then. She explored poetry and slowly started learning the nuances of it. Apart from writing she also works as freelance editor. Her poems have been published in various online and print magazines and anthologies. She has edited few novels.



IT'S GOING TO BE ALRIGHT

Have there been times when you felt lonely?

Have there been times when you felt like giving in?

Have there been times when you no longer had the strength to carry on?

And have there been times when you just felt like dying?

When things around you are put to question

And when you seem to be under the bad light

Take heed and stand for what you believe in

For you aren't liable and you don't have to let go without a fight

It's easy when you have friends who can back you up

Trust you no matter what and remain the same

Fight for you and fight for what you've got

And not pack you up and use you like some old stock

Galling situations surround me

Been cut off like some no good tree

Yet I believe that everything is going to be alright

This forever won't be the plight

This test of your faith will pass

As long you have no doubt about the past

There is nothing to be afraid of or hold grudge against

And you can be sure for everything to outlast

Everything is going to be alright

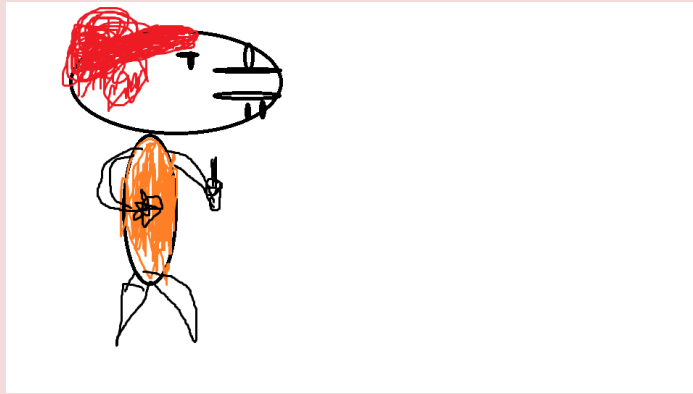
I am sure it will all work together for good

And no true friendship

Will go without being understood



Tina Angelin Nimalan: Arrogant or Immature you decide but my friends think of me as a lover of all things fine. My colleagues think I'm proactive by design. Eitherways knowing me is to know what's good in wine.



THE APPARITION

It was that kind of an evening, I will have you know.

An expectation in the air that just refused to go.

I was seeking the address of an age old friend,
Not knowing truly what my quest would portend.

We knocked on a lot of doors, my driver and I;
Climbed a few stairs and looked him in the eye,
A craggy watchman who would not let me read
The names on the nameplates. Even so I plead.

Sorry and tired and itching from the sweat,
I told myself one last knock and then I would rest.
A skipping angel stood, looking askance at me;
Ran into the house, calling her mother to "see"

The light was behind her as she came to the door,
She asked me my mission and then some more.
My tongue was tied I could not speak,
Her voice was soft and musical; I could only squeak.

Never have I seen a face so full of joy,
A divine light seemed to come from each eye.
She took in my plight in an understanding smile.
My driver swore he could see a halo a while.

She was swathed in nine yards of her traditional ilk,
A deftly worn adornment of yellow and green silk.
The strong scent of jasmine in her long plaited hair
Melding with sandalwood incense in the cooling air.

A lovely ghostly wraith;a beautiful end to a tiring day.
It did not matter that she could not show the way.
My impression of a deity,a divine presence stayed.
A feeling of well being filled me as that night I prayed.



Usha Chandrasekharan: She is a believer in the power of the universe, in the power of positive energy, in the power of words, in the power of good intentions. She has two children both of good literary prowess, both creative in their own way.



RAIN DANCE

Where did those droplets descend from?

Pathetic fallacy I mused

Did the scorching inferno of my lusty sins

Make way for the rain dance?

Did the heat and dust within dissipate?

As the rain caressed the leaves of my inside

I stared at the gravel grey

And the lilting first summer rain

That in a swash of release

Purged my soul to break into bird song



THE SUMMER THAT WAS...

The month of May has set in

And asks me

Where are those summer flowers that poets spoke of?

What of the tree that gave the historic voyager his shade?

Who axed its branches and gifted us this concrete maze.

Those fluttering breezes are now the stuff of folklore

Those languid midsummer nights

Where nervous lovers explored new contours

Those homemade lemon khus sorbets

And stolen beals and jamuns

Where vanished the lazy charpoy?

And nocturnal gossip on terraces

I have no answers for a baffled May

A lame apology for this urban jungle

Sans verdant green lush

As the sun flirts on the western horizon

My temples throb with pain

Longing for an Indian summer of yore

I wend my way home



Vandana Kumar: She is a bon vivant who loves travelling, working with young minds and exploring creative possibilities beyond the ordinary. She has done her masters in History from Lady Shri Ram College and her Diplôme from the Alliance Française de Delhi.

She is a French teacher in a couple of schools and private institutes and also translates for various publishing houses and corporates. An active member of various quiz clubs across Delhi-she has a soft corner for Kolkata where she spent her childhood. Her various passions include singing, playing the piano, composing music and participating in local antakshari competitions. She describes herself as a dreamer...a wanderer and a certified incurable romantic...the romantic moorings worsened with all her fancy French studies. Poetry for her is her stress buster -her flight of fancy-and strangely – what keeps her rooted too.



REVELATIONS

Drunken with the paradox of life,
as I observe the frequency of rarity,
sometimes I find it adorned with
spontaneity, purpose and innocence
and sometimes with slyness,
anger and revenge,
because as thoughts flow meticulously
ironing out the illusions
to capture the vulnerable trust
of another,
the eye throws a fake sheen
and finds its way to the created reality
of lies.



Vasanthi Swetha: She is a 2nd year Economics student who is extremely passionate about the art of poetry, dance, reading and dreaming, and she believes that every poem that she writes is a result of a conversation with her soul.



WHY AM I, ME?

As I open my eyes into daylight, I see
The enormity of the blue sky and the deep sea
The purity of the fresh grass and the wisdom of an ancient tree
And if only for a second, I ask myself - why am I, me?
I lose myself in the streets, for I am busy as a bee
I forget the truths of beauty, my work is all I see
I can't wait to get done with the day, I can't wait to flee
And when I have a moment, I ask - why am I, me?
I lunch underneath the hot sun at midday, munching a hot toastie
The rush never dissipates, appointments and tasks are all I see
The stroke of the hour pulls me back, I have to hurry,
Yet for a second i wonder - why am I, me?
I see her loving face in twilight, I do love to behold her joy and glee,
She gives me a purpose, her life is a source of energy,
I am tempted to enjoy the moment, set my spirit free,
When I ponder yet again - why am I, me?
Dreams of the Crimson night are fantasies, I agree
Under a blanket of expectations, those tired eyes can't see beyond my knee,

I accept the challenges of tomorrow,
a day of excitement indeed I foresee,
Yet I cannot answer - why am I, me?



Vivek Shivram: My life is a poem, a beautiful one at that. I live in one of the most happening cities in the world. When I live out my life as a Consultant for a blue chip firm, the energy of Canary Wharf is mine to claim. And when I seek refuge in poetry, the Surrey Countryside opens up to me.



ciao! 😊